

A Genderbent Familiar of Zero

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Summary: "Well... I guess we don't have much of a choice now, do we? So... Here's to a long and prosperous relationship... My Master." My attempt at a genderbent version of Familiar of Zero. Enjoy.

1. Chapter 1

This work is based (mostly) on the work of Noburo Yamaguchi and other writers. I claim no ownership of plot points or characters from the original work, just any new scenarios written around them. Please Read, Review, and Enjoy.****

* * *

><p>And so it is with these new additions to the traditional summoning magic circles used by the Academy, the Spring summoning rituals have become much safer for our students. Compared to the previous year as of this writing, there were no deaths due to rampant summons, or any injuries greater than simple cuts or bruises. Because of such success with them we are going to be using these circles for all summoning rituals going forth. Details of these improvements can be seen in my thesis on the subject, which currently is titled "The Binding of Spirits". Continuing on from the summoning festival this was my most promising lead as well

Leaning back in his chair with an unsatisfied look on his face, Louis ran his hands through his slightly pink hair. In front of the boy were a venerable mountain of books, all drawn from the surrounding shelves of the library and all sharing at least one section on a particular subject.

Louis took one last look at the book that he had been reading, a rather well preserved diary of a former expert in the field of summoning, and placed it on top of the almost decayed paper that the book had been talking about, something that Louis had already read.

Louis put his hands behind his head and sighed, looking at all of the

books that he had read, none of them giving him the information that he had been searching for. The candle that he had been serving as the student's only source of light in the dead of night had burnt down into a puddle of wax, alongside of the three other puddles of candle wax that had been his source of light earlier.

“So it must be! First watch? When I got here it was around dusk, and still I haven't found anything that'll help me! today actually. I've read through all of the decent sources on summoning, and some that aren't even half decent. Am I just going to have to go in there blind?”

Louis put a hand over his face, feeling the fatigue of a sleepless night as he closed his eyes. He removed the hand from his face quickly and began going over the few books he had put his faith in beginning of his research, looking for something that he might have missed.

“Perhaps! If I look into the writings of one of the other former headmasters or teachers perhaps I'll find something. I only choose to read the binding of spirits because the writer was a headmaster when a major change happened in summoning rituals. Maybe that was my problem going into this.”

Sighing again, Louis stood up from his spot at the table and grabbed ahold of the candle base, scraping the melted down wax out onto the pile that had already formed. He produced a candle from his pocket and placed it on the base before realizing that he had no way to light it.

“Since its First Watch! I guess that there won't be a wick anywhere that I can light it with. Am I just going to have to give this up?”

Louis set down the candle on the table and entered into the musty shelves of the library, using his extensive memory of the library to find his way to the section concerning summoning. Once he was there he strained his eyes to tell the difference between the titles of the books and scrolls on the shelf.

“Of Spirits and Summoners! Quite an old write up on summoning techniques. I think it was written about 200 years ago and that was well before summoning was common! Masters and Servants: A Discussion of Summoning! Wasn't this written in that Albion College that barely lasted five years? I doubt that this will be of any use to me! A Detailed look at! Oh Bloody Saint!”

Louis put a hand over his face as he heard two voices in the library, one a male, the other a female. The two were speaking to each other in a tone that was a mix of excitement and whispers. It only took Louis a few moments of listening in to figure out to figure out why this was.

"Mi-Milord- Ahhh! Please! Not here. Let's just- Uhhh! go back to my room where we can be more- Ah! comfortable."

The female voice spoke in such a way that Louis could instantly tell that she wasn't even trying to stop whatever it was the male voice was doing, and, considering the possibilities, there was little guess work for what it was that the two were doing.

The male voice, once he had started speaking, obliterated all remaining guesswork and caused Louis to sigh silently to himself.

"Forgive me my sweet, but I just couldn't resist after beholding how the moonlight enhanced your already radiant beauty. I hope you can find it in you to forgive me my rudenessâ€¦ andâ€¦ perhapsâ€¦ indulge me in my appreciation of your beauty."

Louis shook his head at the conversation, almost appalled at how the male voice could say such things without even stuttering whatsoever. The boy was even more surprised when he heard what it was that the female voice said next.

"We-Wellâ€¦ I do forgive you milordâ€¦ andâ€¦ If you really are okay with meâ€¦ I- I- â€¦"

Oh for the Saint's sake this is nauseating. If I don't do something about this soon I might just throw up. Let's see hereâ€¦

Louis looked at the shelf directly opposite of him and quickly looked at the various bound books that were there. He selected one of the books which was in the middle of the road in terms of size, pulling it off of the shelf and looking at the title.

Insights on the Disappearance of Dragonsâ€¦ If I recall correctly this book was written by a respected mage from Deama and it did provide many interesting ideas on how the dragons vanishedâ€¦ But after the discovery of those texts in the Holy City made this book utterly useless. Now thenâ€¦

Louis held the book up to about shoulder level and unceremoniously dropped it to the ground, creating a resounding thump that echoed in the large room. Louis quietly listened in to the conversation that was now being carried out in hushed voices.

"Milordâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I think that someone is hereâ€¦"

Louis grinned slightly for the fact that he had successfully killed the mood between the two lovers, and set off again with the mission of gathering up more writings on the subject of summoning. Within moments he had gathered an armful of books and had settled back down at his table, happily reading through his collected information now that his eyes had adjusted to the dark.

His peaceful information gathering did not continue for much longer, as almost the second he started, the male voice that he had been hearing earlier began to speak out.

"Ahâ€¦ La Valliere. Good eveningâ€¦ Though as I say that, I can't hope but feel that my evening is going less than good."

Louis quickly bit his tongue to prevent himself from instantly saying anything that might start a misunderstanding. The pink haired boy slowly turned to face the owner of the voice with as neutral of an expression he could manage.

"Arcenaâ€¦ Good evening. Strange to see you outside of your room this late at nightâ€¦"

And not 'inside' any of your regular company.

Even though Louis did not say the last part, the target of his thought smiled and reacted as if the Tristain youth had said it.

James de Arcena, a towering Hispanian youth with flaming red hair and the tan skin shared by many of his countrymen, walked around to sit in the seat opposite of Louis. James reached out and lazily grabbed ahold of one of the scrolls that Louis had been reading and began squinting at it with a rather annoyed look on his face.

"I must askâ€¦ How in the world can you read any of this when it's so dark? I meanâ€¦ You have a candle right there, why don't youâ€¦ Ah that's rightâ€¦ You can't light it right nowâ€¦ Can you?"

Louis kept tightlipped in his response towards James, instead returning his focus to the research he had been conducting. The Hispanian grinned at Louis and gestured at the candle.

"Would you care at all if I light the candle? I'm certain that you would benefit from being able to see what it is you are trying to read."

Louis again kept silent, trying his best to focus on the passage in front of him, which as far as he knew was useless to him.

James sighed and shook his head as he continued to grin, before he produced a long, polished stick of wood from his robe. With a wave of his hand, the candle that was right next to Louis lit, splashing all of the nearby surfaces in the library with light. It took everything Louis had to keep himself from flinching from the light that the candle gave off.

James continued to smile at Louis, fiddling with the handle of his wand as he stared across the table at the Tristain youth.

"Soâ€¦ Tell me Valliereâ€¦ Why is it that you hate me having fun? Is it that you are jealous of me, you just plain hate me, or you had some motive in stopping me?"

Louis sighed as he reached a rather boring part of his research material, looking up at James with a bored expression on his face.

"Well let me answer your questions in chronological order. No I do not dislike you having fun, No I am not jealous of you in the slightest, yes I do dislike you, and what in the world are you talking about?"

James sighed and pulled out something from his robe and dropped it on the table without a shred of concern for its condition. Louis looked at what it was and sighed himself as he realized what it was.

It was a book titled Insights of the Disappearance of Dragons, and Louis knew instantly that it was the book that he dropped to disturbed James and his female companion. James looked at Louis with an expression that bordered between annoyance and interest.

"Soâ€¦ I won't ask you why you thought I was stupid enough to fall for your denial, because I can assume what you are going to sayâ€¦ Instead can I ask you why you decided to ruin my nightly entertainment?"

Louis sighed and rolled up the scroll he was reading and placed it to the side in the pile of documents that he had already scanned through.

"If you really must know, I didn't do it to spite you, but rather prevent that girl from making the mistake of falling for your stupid romantic drivel."

James chuckled as he leaned back in his chair, staring at Louis with an interested glint in his eyes.

"Don't call it drivel Valliere. Most of your countrywoman have taken a liking to my 'drivel' and have been very generous in their appreciation of it. If I didn't know that Tristain culture was next to barbarism I would think that I was gifted with a golden tongue."

Louis sighed and opened up another book, coughing a bit from the dust that went up his nose.

"You should hope you have more than just a golden tongue if de Arcena bastards start popping up in Tristain after you graduate. I'm certain that people like that girl's uncle, the Duke of Oron, would be one of the people to have your head for that."

James looked at the Tristain youth with a look of utter surprise, righting his posture so that he could look Louis dead in his eyes.

"How in the world did know it was the Duke of Oron's niece? As far as I saw, you weren't even near enough to see how close the two of us were."

Louis grimaced at the last section of the Hispanian's comment, and sighed as he set aside yet another useless writing.

"Do you not think that a person raised in a proper Tristain household would be unable to recognize someone of their own kind? Wellâ€¦ I shouldn't be surprised. After all most of the nobles in your country are indistinguishable from commoners."

James frowned at Louis, an expression that the Tristain youth returned due to the mutual distaste that the two shared for each other. The Hispanian sighed and stood up from the table bowing his head slightly to the boy across from him.

"Wellâ€¦ I would like to say that this has been a fun little chat, but let's not kid ourselves shall we. Now thenâ€¦ How about I go and visit one of my other fans? I'm certain one of more of them would be fine with me visiting them in the middle of the night."

Louis sighed and tossed aside yet another writing that he found to be useless to him.

"I'm so glad that you did not listen to what I warned you about, and

instead insist on continuing down the path to a feud between your house and another. Well... Not that it matters to me what happens to you."

James chuckled as he looked back at the Tristain youth, grinning in a rather sadistic manner as he looked at the pile of writings in front of Louis.

"Come now Sir Valliere, I'm just looking for a way to relieve all of my pent up stress. After all, I have a very stressful day today, and it wouldn't do for me to be out my mind. Then againâ€¦ Compared to my stress, yours must be much greater. Wouldn't you agree with me, Sir Louis 'the Zero'?"

Louis clenched his fists in rage when he heard his nickname come from the Hispanian's mouth, but managed to keep a calm demeanor as he began to read yet another scroll.

"Laugh it up Arcena. By the end of the ritual today you'll be sulking around with whatever impotent creature you manage to summon, while I'll have the best familiar in the history of this school."

James laughed in a deep guttural way at the Tristain youth, causing Louis to grit his teeth in rage. The Hispanian wiped a tear from his eyes before looking at Louis with an amused grin on his face.

"Sorry Valliereâ€¦ but I seriously doubt that is what is going to happen. After all, aren't you unable to perform even the most basic of magic, such as lighting a candle with only your wand? Do you seriously believe that you would be able to succeed at the magic that requires a whole year of preparation to perform?"

Louis grimaced at the Hispanian, looking up from his research with an overly annoyed look on his face.

"Don't you have some hole you want to climb into right now? I doubt you would want to spend the rest of the night annoying me with your presence."

The Hispanian nodded at Louis in a condescending way, turning to walk out of the Tristain youth line of sight. However, before he left, he turned back to look at Louis over his shoulder, a grin on his face.

"I'll let you know that I'm not expecting anything much from you today Valliere, but please, don't try so hard that you would embarrass yourself or your family. We all know what the outcome is going to be, so don't bore us with your floundering."

With that, James left Louis's line of sight, leaving the Tristain youth grimacing in the direction the Hispanian, his rage blinding him to the mountain of research that he still had to sift through.

Louis turned to look at the candle that James had lit with his magic, and in an annoyed gesture, extinguished the flame. He then pulled out his own wand and pointed at the wick of the candle. He channeled his magic energy towards the tip and muttered the word for fire once the spell was ready.

"Pyraâ€¦"

The next moment, the moment where the candle's wick should have burst into flames, there was a small puff of smoke, spraying the melted top layer of wax across the table, some of it splattering on Louis's face.

Louis did not even flinch when the spell he had tried to cast failed, as that was the expected result for him rather than an accident. He sighed, putting away his wand and silently cursing himself for losing his temper and snuffing out his one source of light.

Louis looked down at his gathered research, and sighed when he came to a realization.

“I have absolutely nothing. Do I? I don't have enough time to look through all the books in this library, and even if I find something useful, I probably wouldn't have enough to implement it. What in the world am I?”

Louis looked through the writings on the very top of the pile that he had gathered, and slowly an idea began to form in his head.

“Unless”

2. A Summoning Gone Wrong

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><p>“And so it is with the honor as your teacher for the past year that I shall oversee the Spring Summoning Festival. Note that this is the culmination of all of your magical training over the past year, and that it is the first step towards being recognized as a true magician.”<p>

“Do you really have to put any more stress on us than we already need? I'm operating without any sleep, and I would have to say that I'm one of the calmest people here.”

Louis let out a sigh that quickly turned into a yawn as he stood amongst his fellow students in the early morning. All of his fellow first year students were standing out on the main lawn of the school, all of them in various states of nervousness apparent on their faces as they all focused on their teacher who was standing at the top of the ritual platform opposite them.

Colbert, a middle aged man with balding black hair, stood confidently in front of his students, his face the picture of excitement. Holding his rather simple staff in his non dominant left hand, which he used to tap the ground at a regular rhythm, while with his right hand he adjusted his non-descript glasses with a smile.

“Now then” As is tradition at the academy, the Spring Summoning festival is headed by the five best students of the year, as selected

by their teacher, who initially summon their familiars and then assist their fellows with their own summoning. This helps to reinforce the bonds formed at the academy, and to display the talents of those who are considered the best, just to make sure that their efforts are properly displayed."

"_Yeah, Yeah. This ritual is used to simply give the good people a bit of fame and accomplishment for performing well in the schoolwork, though some of that might be eclipsed based upon what is summoned. So That pretty much means that this entire ritual is pointless._

Even as Louis thought this, he could feel the air around him grow tense as everyone around him began to focus keenly on what the teacher was about to say, completely oblivious of the fact that those whose names were going to be spoken had already been informed about it in advance.

Colbert scanned the faces of his students before clearing his throat in a grandiose way.

"Well then As I call your name please step forward onto the platform and face your fellow students Robert La Planta Please step forward."

Almost instantly after Colbert spoke that name all the students began whispering amongst each other.

"_Well that isn't surprising is it? Robert is probably the best magician in the academy Well possibly excusing some of the teachers."_

"_Yeah, and let's not forget the fact that he's the heir of House Planta. That was certain to give him some points as well."_

Louis could only sigh in a mixture of disgust and annoyance as he listened to the whispers of approval. Almost the second he did that, an arm wrapped around his neck, causing him to almost jump in fright due to his lack of awareness. Accompanying the arm around the neck was the voice of James in his ears, giving off all the smugness Louis could expect from him at that moment.

"What's wrong Valliere? I thought you of all people would be happy that the first person chosen was a Tristainian. So Do you dislike Robert for some reason, or Did you perhaps hope that it would be you of all people who would get chosen?"

Louis shrugged off the Hispanian's arm with an annoyed look on his face. As he turned to look at the Hispanian, Louis could not help but notice how much more relaxed they were when compared to the many of the other students.

"Well I can see that your 'relaxation' last night worked out well for you. Dare I ask which poor female was inflicted with your presence for an entire night?"

James chuckled for a few moments out of what seemed to be genuine amusement, before completely ignoring the question in favor of something he deemed more interesting.

"There goes the smug bastard now. He probably wanted to let everyone else talk about him for a few moments just to puff up that ego of his even more."

â€| _Those are words that I would never want to hear from you, and in the process of hearing them I feel like the world is wrong for some reason._

Louis sighed as he thought that and turned to look at his fellow Tristainian as they emerged from the crowd of students.

Robert La Planta, though he was born of a Tristain house like Louis, the two boys could not have been more different. Robert's face showed that he had been raised in the lap of luxury, with short, well maintained blonde hair, and the wisps of the beard that was soon to arrive on the boy's face. His clothes, though still in the dress code for the academy, was much more finely detailed than anyone else's, the jacket alone made of fine black linen and gold buttons.

Robert strode up to the ritual platform, turning to face the crowd of students with a smug grin on his face.

James sighed again and shook his head, grinning slightly as he looked back at Louis.

"Really nowâ€| Tell me Valliere, don't you think that was a rather poor pick for the first person up there? With someone so smug the next four people would have to be entirely selfless."

Colbert, who seemed to be unable to hear James, nodded over at Robert to acknowledge his taking his position before returning his gaze to the crowd of students. For a few moments he scanned the crowd before his eyes found James. Colbert cleared his throat in preparation for speaking.

"James de Arcena!"

Almost instantly the whispers from amongst the other students began again, though this time it was an entirely different tone when referring to the annoyance that was standing next to Louis.

"_That bastard Hispanian! Of course he would be the one to take the thunder out of Robert's triumph! Look! All of the girls are swooning already!"_

"_Oh my! Lord Arcena got chosen! I should think up something to say in congratulations!"_

"_Did you honestly have any doubt about it? It would be quite the embarrassment if you went up to him to congratulate him on something that he was sure to get."_

Again, Louis sighed in disgust at the whispers he was hearing around him, though this time he felt even more disgusted, most likely due to the fact that the object of the whispers was directly in front of him, grinning in a smug sort of way.

James shrugged and attempted to look surprised for Louis, failing most spectacularly.

"Wellâ€¦ Isn't that a surprise? Who would have thought that I of all people would be chosen?"

Chuckling in a somewhat conceited manner, James walked out from the sea of students, and as he did one half of the eyes in the crowd looked at him with dagger's in their gazes, while the other half looked at him with something else entirely.

Robert, who had been standing up at the front of the platform with a smile on his face, started to frown as the Hispanian walked onto the platform.

James nodded to Robert in a gesture of acknowledgement before turning to face the crowd of students. He smiled at them in a smug and winked, causing all of the men in the crowd to grumble angrily and all the women to swoon.

Colbert, either willfully ignoring what was going on or just not noticing it at all, instantly moved on to the next student on the list he kept in his head.

"Tabitha af Aestrid!"

The whispering amongst the students began once again, though this time the crowd was almost all in agreement in what to feel.

"_Aestrid huh? â€¦ Well that does make sense."_

"_Yeahâ€¦ She is quite talented at ice magicâ€¦ though she still is from Deama. Let's not forget that."_

"_Trueâ€¦ But at least she has the sense not to be as obtrusive as Arcena. Soâ€¦ that's something at least."_

As the students continued to whisper amongst themselves, Tabitha walked out of the crowd in a most normal fashion. She was a short, blue haired girl that hailed from the frigid country of Deama, and she carried with her a staff, a privilege usually reserved for powerful mages. Tabitha assumed her spot without much fanfare, allowing Colbert to continue the selection.

Colbert again scanned the crowd of students for his next selection, stopping once he had finally found them. He hesitated for a moment before announcing his choice.

"Zelda of Hyrule!"

The whispering began almost immediately, though this time the 'whispering' that the students were doing was more akin to just talking amongst each other.

"That elf bitch?! What the hell is Colbert thinking choosing her?!"

"Of course he would! He was one of the people who argued for her to be allowed to enter the school! Why wouldn't he pick someone who doesn't deserve to be up there?"

"Maybe we should just ask him to change his mind. If all of us talk

to him at once we are bound to-â€|!?"

Robert looked out at the crowd of students with a glare that instantly silenced half of the students who were talking, and the other half quickly followed suit. When all of the students had finally stopped talking, Zelda stepped forward with an audible sigh.

Zelda possessed an unearthly beauty that was almost characteristic of her race. She had long brown hair that was tied up in a ponytail that flowed down her back to her waist, as well as alabaster white skin that added her inhumanness.

Zelda took her place on the platform, ignoring all of the evil glares she was getting from the student in the crowd. Robert nodded over to her in a gesture of acknowledgement, and Zelda choose to completely ignore it.

With four students up on the platform already, the air in the crowd grew even tenser in preparation for the final selection. Louis himself also grew a bit tense for the final selection, though it was for entirely different reasons than those of his fellows.

Colbert began to scan the crowd once again, and stopped the moment he found Louis amongst the other students. A solid lump of fear formed in Louis's stomach in anticipation for what was coming next as Colbert cleared his throat in preparation for his announcement. The teacher hesitated for longer than when he did for Zelda before announcing his choice.

"Louis... la Valliere."

There was a silence that fell over the class as the crowd of students looked at Colbert in what could only be called a mixture of shock and confusion. It was after a few moments of this that the dam broke, and all hell broke loose.

"Master Colbert! You can'tâ€| You can't be serious can you!?"

"Zero Louisâ€| There is no way on the Saint's earth that he could be one of the candidates!"

"He hasn't even succeeded in casting the most basic of spells this entire year! How in the world could you consider him competent enough to perform the summoning ritual!?"

Louis could not help but sigh as almost the entire student body raised their complaints to Colbert about his choice. Louis felt his pride getting bit into with every comment about his ability as a magician, and he tried to endure the dagger filled stares as he focused on the platform in front of him.

On the platform itself he was receiving responses of shock from the already selected students. The normally unexpressive Zelda and Tabitha both had expression of surprise, which to them amounted to a raised eyebrows. James was simply chuckling where he was standing, almost as if he thought of it as a joke. Robert had the by far the worst reaction, his expression briefly becoming a look of pure rage before switching back to a look of prideful serenity.

Colbert was sweating profusely underneath the weight of the glares and complaints he was getting from his students. He began to wipe his brow with the sleeve of his robe before he launched into his counter response.

"Now, Nowâ€¦ Please calm down. Rest assured that I am not belittling any of your abilities in anyway, and that I have taken all of the hard work you have done in the past year into consideration. It is from this consideration that I have made this decision, and to the best of my knowledge it is a good one."

Even as Colbert was speaking, it was abundantly clear that what he was saying wasn't getting through to his students. They were still grimacing and staring daggers toward both him and Louis, and many of them were whispering amongst themselves as Colbert's response finished.

"He's almost about to crack! If we just push him a little bit more we might just get him to make a sensible decision."

"Of course. No one in their right mind would select the Zero for something this important."

As Colbert finished speaking, however, the person who began to speak was Robert, who audibly cleared his throat in order to get Colbert's attention.

"Master Colbertâ€¦ If I may be so rude to askâ€¦ Are you absolutely certain about your choice in this matter? As my fellow colleagues have pointed out, Valliere has not shown any indication of being able to cast the most basic of spells, let alone this honorable ritual. Given that, it will take â€¦ more in depth explanation to get me and my fellows to accept this."

Colbert sweated profusely as almost every student's glare was on him and he continued to wipe sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his robe.

"Young Plantaâ€¦ Must we interrupt the ritual over such a small decision? If we were to simply move on from this, we should be able to continue the ritual without any other problems."

Robert sighed and put a hand on his forehead as he shook his head.

"Master Colbertâ€¦ I'm sorry but that isn't going to be an option. As I look out to the crowd now, I can see several people who would be a better choice than Valliere. If you truly want this ritual to proceed without incident, then I would suggest that you pick one of them."

Colbert worriedly looked in between Robert and the crowd of students, sweat pouring down his face and neck. Robert patiently waited for Colbert to respond, and after a full minute of silence, Robert sighed and gestured at his teacher to provide some sort of answer.

"Master Colbertâ€¦ Must I ask you-â€¦!?"

Robert's question was immediately interrupted when James leaned over and placed an arm around the neck of the Tristainian.

"Come on now Robert! Are you going to keep us here all day because of this? If you look at all this logically, it shouldn't be you protesting Valliere being up here, but Valliere himself protesting being up here. If he wants to come up here and make a fool of himself in front of everyone, then you shouldn't try and stop him, but let him do it and laugh at him when he fails."

Robert broke free from the Hispanian's grip and began to glare at James as he readjusted his garments. After a few moments of readjustment, Robert sighed and shook his head.

"Wellâ€¦ I can't really argue with the explanation you gave, though I am not happy to admit that. Though I will also admit that I am growing tired of arguing about this. Let us just get the ritual finished, shall we?"

Colbert grinned and nodded in relief, first at Robert and then the rest of the students. The teacher gestured for Louis to approach the platform.

"Well thenâ€¦ Louis la Valliere! Please come onto the platform!"

Finallyâ€¦ After you guys waste so much fucking time on a pointless argument, I wished that I hadn't been chosen.

Louis sighed and began to walk towards the stage, dagger filled glares following him with each step he took towards the platform. The second he stepped onto the platform everyone in the crowd began to murmur, still not fully sold on the fact that Louis was the one on the platform.

Colbert purposefully ignored the murmuring coming from his students and instead focused all his attention on the five students in front of him.

"Well thenâ€¦ Now that all five of you have come up here, let us now get into the reason why we are here, the summoning ritual."

Louis, maybe because he was doing it as well, felt the other four students focus on Colbert with an intenseness that could only come from students wanting to pass a test. Colbert preemptively cleared his throat before he began his explanation.

"Now thenâ€¦ As we have studied the various types of ritual circles for summoning, as well as the various incantations needed for it, so I believe that you are more than adequately prepared to perform the ritual on your own. I will be on hand to assist you if you do run into trouble, but I am confident that all of you will perform fine."

James let out a chuckle before gesturing towards Louis.

"You knowâ€¦ I'm not certain that there is enough assistance in the world to help Zero here perform magic. If anything we should prepare for the spectacle that is going to occur because of this idiot casting magic."

Louis, who had been calmly running through what he was going to do on

the platform, felt something in him snap as he turned to look at the Hispanian and began to growl at him.

"What in the world are you saying you insufferable gigolo?! I can't hear you over the sound of all the women swooning over your entirely fake personality. You had better hope you can summon a familiar better than mine, or else they might wise up to how useless you are."

James laughed back at Louis and put on a clear look disbelief.

"I'm sorry Valliereâ€| but are you sure that you aren't talking about yourself? As far as everyone knows, you won't even clear the first hurdle of the ritual."

Just before Louis was about to respond to the Hispanian, Robert let out a sigh. He looked over at his fellow Tristainian and the foreign Hispanian with a tired, disappointed glare.

"Arcenaâ€| I had thought that we had agreed to stop interrupting the ritual so that we could get this done with? Could you please tell me why you two are arguing with each other?"

James chuckled again as he gestured over at Louis, who was now silently seething in anger as he glared at the Hispanian.

"Sorry Robert, but I just can't help it. Valliere here just has this feeling to him that makes is so much fun just to annoy him. I'll try to keep it under control but I'm not going to make any guarantees."

Robert let out yet another sigh and placed a hand over his face, his rage clearly shown by the slow reddening of his skin. Zelda looked up at the sky with an expression of pure disinterest on her face, clearly not wanting to get involved with the conversation.

James, who had obviously forgotten what he had said moments ago, turned to look at Louis, tilting his head as he grinned over at his victim.

"So tell me Valliere. What in the world are you going to do once you fail this? Are you planning to hang around the campus as a failure, or are you going to run back to your family like one?"

Louis had to physically hold himself back from reaching over and choking the Hispanian where they stood. He growled over at James as he tried his best to release his anger in a non-violent manner.

"How about you think on something productive for once Arcena, like how much shame you are going to add to your countries name when you summon something impotent?"

James again chuckled in response to Louis's retort, and was about to say something in response to it when Colbert cleared his throat very loudly, obviously interrupting the argument that was about to break out. The teacher had a slightly panicked look on his face as his eyes darted between the chosen students.

"Now then everyoneâ€| Could we please get along with the ritual? We are falling slightly behind schedule, but if we do it now we

might-â€|!?"

Before Colbert could finish speaking, there was a blinding flash of blue light from behind him, accompanied by a deafening pop. The combination of these two things made it so that it was entirely impossible for anyone to have any idea about what was going on in the general vicinity for a few seconds.

Once awareness began to return to everyone in the crowd, the first thing they did as a group was look up at platform to see what it was that happened. And when they did, they were greeted with a sight that none of them had ever seen before.

Curled up in a ball, slowly becoming aware that it was no longer in the place where it had been several seconds earlier, the beast that everyone instantly knew as a dragon raised its magic addled head to slowly look around.

Everyone could only refer to the beast as a dragon, even though that they, nor any of their still living family, had ever seen a live dragon before. All the students had to go on was pictures and poorly recited stories about them, but just those were enough for them to instantly recognize the wonder that was in front of them.

The dragon was about the size of a small nobleman's townhouse when it was curled up on the ground, so it easily dwarfed everyone in attendance. It had a fine, shimmering coat a sapphire colored scales that dazzled all that looked at them, and the webbing that was visible on its wing was an obviously healthy shade of white. It's fully toothed mouth was large enough for it to consume a whole hog in a single bite, and it possessed front and back talons were so sharp that even when it twitched it began to carve stone out of the platform it was on. There were two horn-like protrusions on the dragon's still magic addled head, a tail that ended with a set of spikes.

Everyone in the crowd, even Tabitha the person who summoned the creature, looked at the creature with awe. Most of the people were still wondering if what they were seeing was real when Colbert gestured at Tabitha in an attempt to get deaish girl's attention.

"Young Aestrid! Quickly! You must complete the ritual while the creature is still calm! The calming and restraint spell only last for a few minutes!"

It Tabitha took a few more moments of wordless awe before she finally managed to acknowledge what Colbert was saying. The blue haired girl timidly put forth her hand towards the snout and mouth of the dragon.

The dragon was almost immediately interested, lowering its head down to get a better smell of the obviously new scent it was offered. Once the beast's head was low enough for the small magician to reach through slight effort, Tabitha reached up and pulled herself up to kiss the dragon on the side of its scaled head.

Almost the second that Tabitha did that, a great change came over the dragon. The magic addled state that it had been in previously vanished, leaving behind a look of clear focus and understanding.

Flashes of white light began to dance across the creatures sapphire scaled neck, and in their path it left the runes that were the symbol of the contract between master and familiar.

Once those runes became clearly visible to everyone in attendance, the crowd let out a huge sigh of relief. Once they were sure that there was not going to be a rampage and that their lives were safe, the awestruck whispers began to spread throughout the crowd.

"_That'sâ€¦ That's a fucking dragonâ€¦ isn't it? Howâ€¦ How in the world did she manage to summon a dragon!?"_

"_Aren't all of the dragons supposed to be dead?! Remember? In 'Disappearance of Dragons' it said that there hasn't been a dragon sighting in Halkegina in five centuries, and many people assumed that the creatures had gone extinct."_

"_Soâ€¦ does that mean that she summoned that from across time or something?! Just how strong of a magician do you have to be to pull that off!?"_

Even the other chosen student could not help but be amazed at what was in front of them. Zelda, who usually had a cold and serious look about her, had an expression of childlike wonder on as she looked up at the creature. Louis could only look up at the creature and commit every feature of the dragon to memory, not knowing for how long he would get to see it. James, for once, had nothing to say about the situation, remaining quiet as he observed the creature.

The only person who was not entirely focused on the dragon was Robert, who had a slight twinge of annoyance, which he directed over at Colbert, who was taking quick notes about what had happened.

"Master Colbertâ€¦ Wasn't the point of this ritual to be having all the chosen students perform their familiar summoning at once, so that no one person could be given special treatment?"

Colbert let out a sigh as he turned to address Robert and the three other chosen students with a depressed gaze.

"Young Plantaâ€¦ Indeed that was what was supposed to happenâ€¦ but Young Aestrid obviously did not want to follow that format. Since this has happened alreadyâ€¦ I would say that we should continue like this. Please decide amongst yourselves which one will go next."

Robert sighed at the obviously uncaring teacher before turning to face the other remaining chosen students. He gestured to the platform that Tabitha and her familiar were slowly vacating with an annoyed look on his face.

"Soâ€¦ since that is the caseâ€¦ Does anyone really want to go next, or can I go next without worry? I am fine with not going next, but if no one else is willing to do so I will fill the role."

James shook his head and gestured for Robert to take the stage.

"Go right ahead Robert. I doubt anyone will be able to follow the

summoning a dragon with anything of note. Just do what you want."

Louis somewhat nodded in agreement, though he did not give a verbal response due to the fact that he was still dissecting the dragon with his eyes. Zelda did not even give any indication that she had even heard Robert talking, instead looking up at the sky with an absent minded expression on her face.

Without any major form of conformation or response, Robert simply sighed and turned around to focus on the ritual that he had to do. The blond Tristainian stepped up onto the now empty platform, pulled out his wand, and began to perform work on the ritual immediately.

Using his wand as a focus for channeling his magic, Robert began to draw a magic circle in the air in an orange glowing energy. The circle was something that all the students had seen over the past month or so preparation they had for this ritual, and everyone could tell that the magic circle Robert was making was a textbook example of a ritual circle.

Once the glowing orange ritual circle hung complete in the air, Robert took a step back and, for a few moments, admired his handiwork, as well as checked it for any serious faults in it. He found no apparent faults in his magic circle, Robert began to move his wand in a specific pattern in front of the magic circle, causing it to glow at such a high intensity before disappearing in a flash of light and a loud pop, in a similar manner to what happened when Tabitha summoned her familiar.

Awareness returned to everyone much quicker than the last time due to the fact that everyone knew that it was coming, and everyone looked over at platform, curious about what had appeared. Unsurprisingly, the crowd instantly began to whisper to each other about the creature that had appeared.

"_That'sâ€¦ That's a wolfâ€¦ isn't it?"_

"_Iâ€¦ I think soâ€¦ butâ€¦ isn't it a bit big for a wolf?"_

"_A bit big? I've seen horse's that are smaller than that thing!"_

Just as the crowd of people was saying what had appeared on the platform in front of Robert was a giant, horse size wolf, which was curled up into a ball, slowly coming out of its sleep and into a magic addled daze.

As the giant wolf began moving its massive canine head around it gave off a good view of its massive jaw that looked like it could easily rip off a man's arm in one smooth movement. It's coat was a strange pattern of black and white fur, and it's paws had claws that looked like they could cut through chainmail if it wanted to.

The giant wolf almost instantly began to notice all of the humans around it and lowered its head, whining in complete fear for its surroundings.

Robert quickly approached the near panicking wolf and gently put a

hand on its neck in an effort to calm it down. Robert put his other hand in front of the wolf's so that it could take in Robert's scent and slowly begin to recognize its master's smell. The wolf almost instantly began to lick Robert's hand in a gesture of curiosity, and while it was distracted Robert planted his lips on the head of the creature.

As runes began to form on the brow of the wolf's head, Robert slowly began to pet the neck of his now calm familiar with a smile on his face.

"Aren't you quite the striking familiar? Wolves have been one of the symbols of House Planta since time immemorial, soâ€¦ I'm guessing that I should take this as a sign for great things to come for House Planta?"

The wolf looked up at Robert and gave its new master what could only be considered an open mouth grin. The familiar began to lick the Robert's cheek with its long and rough looking tongue, while Robert patted his new familiar on the head with a continued smile.

"Now, Now. Calm down. If you're this excitable now I'd hate to see what you are like when you settle in around here."

As Robert continued to dote on his new familiar, most of the crowd of students began to clap appreciatively for a thoroughly textbook summoning ritual. Amongst the remaining three chosen people, however, James was holding a hand against his mouth in an effort to keep himself from outright laughing at the top of his lungs.

Zelda, who had been doing her best not to be a part of any conversation between students, sighed and glared over at the Hispanian.

"I am not trying to pry or anythingâ€¦ butâ€¦ What in the world is so funny? Even with your constant jokes you never laugh as hard as that."

James turned his head to look over at both Louis and Zelda as tears of pure joy were literally streaming down his face. With a shaking hand he gestured over to both Robert and his new familiar.

"I'm sorryâ€¦ butâ€¦ This is just too bloody funny! The high and mighty Robertâ€¦ A person who will go on about his nobility at a moment's noticeâ€¦ That smug bastardâ€¦ I being licked all over by a fucking Warg!"

There was a short silence shared between the three chosen students, and then both Louis and Zelda had to both keep themselves from laughing out at the hilarity.

Zelda looked like she was both ecstatic and angry as she looked over at the scene between Robert and the warg.

"Soâ€¦ That's what a warg looks likeâ€¦ Really now I'm surprised. I had heard stories about how monstrous they are supposed to look, but really they just look like a giant wolf."

James did his best to try and reign himself in, reducing his need to laugh down to him simply chuckling wildly.

"Oh don't be fooled by that. Those things are much, much more dangerous than any wild wolf. Once when I was younger some warriors brought one back from the front to make a show about their prowess. Long story short, the beast killed five people before twenty garrison members cornered it and ran it through with spears."

Louis smiled as he began to take in all of the details of the creature with an inquisitive gaze.

"Wellâ€¦ Now I can see why orcs use the beasts as mounts. If it takes twenty people to take a captured one down I'd hate to see what a mount and rider together could do."

James shrugged and gestured towards Robert and the warg, who were starting to vacate the platform.

"Oh you don't have to worry about that too much. The bloody greenskins aren't smart enough to domesticate or to bind the creatures as familiars and only the craziest ones would ever try to ride a warg. It isn't rare for a patrol in the south to find a mauled corpse of a fool greenskin who tried to ride a warg."

Zelda sighed out in a mixture of pure bliss and joy, before gesturing the now free ritual platform.

"Not to take away from that very informative talk we just hadâ€¦ but it looks like the lord creep has finally finished playing around with his new 'pet'. Now thenâ€¦ Which one of us will be going next?"

Louis was about to open his mouth to say something, but James quickly wrapped his arm around the Tristainian's neck. The hispanian then gestured for Zelda to go up onto the platform while he casually held onto the struggling Louis.

"Before Louis does something that he will regret, why don't you go up and do your ritual before us? At the very least you won't be as big of an embarrassment as this one here."

Zelda wordlessly looked between both Louis and James and sighed, shaking her head as she began to move towards her place on the platform.

As Zelda took her spot on the platform, she passed by Robert who was rubbing his familiars belly. Robert took a moment of his attention away from his familiar and waved at the passing elf girl, which Zelda completely ignored. The elf assumed her position on the platform, produced her wand from her pocket, and instantly began working.

As Zelda worked on drawing the magic circle in the air in a pure white magical energy, there was at first a whisper, then a murmur, and finally just outright talk between the students as they realized what it was that the elf was doing.

Written into the magic circle, there in the place of the human language, was alien symbols of the elvish language, completely unintelligible to the humans who were watching the elf work.

"That bloody elf! She must be doing this to piss us off!"

"She must think that she is too good to use the proper language that everyone else is using! Typical example of a prideful elf!"

"We really should have done something to keep her from going up there. How about we-â€|!?"

The conversations amongst the students were stopped when Robert turned and glared out at them with an annoyed and anger filled gaze.

Zelda, who had given no indication that she had heard the conversations that had been going on behind her, put the finishing touches on her magic circle. She briefly went over her magic circle to find any problems with it, and finding none she began the ritual wand movements, this time doing exactly as Robert had done before her.

Once she had completed the wand movements, the magic circle began to glow at an intense brightness, before yet again there was a bright flash of light and a loud pop, meaning that the familiar ritual had succeeded. However, once everyone in the area had regained awareness again there was a clear lack of a familiar on the platform in front of Zelda.

There was a clear silence for a few moments over the scene, and then the whispering began yet again, and this time the students did nothing to contain their obvious joy.

"_Look at that! The stupid elf couldn't even summon a familiar! I thought that we would have to wait for Zero to get this sort of thing!"_

"_Really now, what did you expect when you have an elf using human magic? She tried to bastardize the ritual by using her stupid elf language, but it didn't even work!"_

"_Yeahâ€| Wait. Do you see that? What's wrong with the elf's hair?"_

As soon as that was pointed out to the crowd, everyone in the surrounding area instantly noticed that there was indeed something strange going on with Zelda's hair. There was a strange slowly moving bulge in the elf's brown hair, which was giving off a strange soft blue glow that shone through the strands of hair.

Zelda, who had noticed the strange bulge almost immediately after she had performed the summoning ritual, reached over to grab ahold of the bulge and pulling it out of her hair. As the blue glow continued to shine out through her fingers, Zelda opened her hand to see what it was in her hair.

Sitting in the palm of Zelda's hand was what could be called a tiny naked human, which had light blue hair, and pale snow like skin. Coming out of its back were a pair of insect like wings and coming from the creature was the strange blue glow that had been seen earlier.

Once Zelda had laid eyes on the creature, her mouth fell open in an expression of shock directed towards the creature that was quivering

in the palm of her hands.

"Youâ€¦ You're a fairyâ€¦ Aren't you?"

With tears in its eyes the blue haired creature slowly began to nod wordlessly up towards Zelda, meaning that it already had a good understanding of human words even without the ritual being completed.

Colbert, who had been silently looking at the creature in Zelda's hand, had a quizzical look on his face when Zelda stated what the creature was.

"A fairy you say Miss Zelda? Are you talking about the fairies that were supposed to be the guardians of Albion long before the elves went there?"

Zelda nodded at Colbert absentmindedly, not taking her eyes off of the fairy that was in her hand. The fairy was trying its best not to panic, but tears were almost involuntarily pouring down its face as it felt the gaze of humans on it.

Slowly, Zelda raised the fairy up to her mouth, kissing the creature on its blue haired head. Runes instantly began to form down the creature's back, going from the base of the fairy's neck down its lower back.

As soon as the runes were affixed to the fairy's back, the creature began to blush in embarrassment from the kiss, and flew up to bury itself back into Zelda's hair. Zelda did nothing to drag the fairy out from her hair, but she smiled as she strode off of the platform.

James began to stretch out as Zelda walked clear of the platform and looked down at Louis, who had ceased to struggle in James's grasp. James gestured toward the summoning platform with a smile on his face.

"Well now Valliereâ€¦ We now have the pleasure of deciding which one of us goes next. So tell meâ€¦ Do you want to get embarrassed now, or would you rather wait a little while longer?"

Louis used his free hand to gesture rudely up at the Hispanian holding him in his grasp.

"Oh please Arcena! How about you go up there and summon your stupid little owl or rat orâ€¦ whatever boring familiar you are going to get?! After you get done with that I'll go up there and summon my-â€¦?!"

Louis was suddenly cut off when James released him from their grasp, causing him to fall down to the ground out of surprise. James chuckled at the sight of the Tristanian on the ground, and made his way up onto the platform.

"You are quite funny Valliereâ€¦ Too bad that there is no way that you can ever perform magic, else there might be some actual bite to your pathetic bark."

Before Louis could even stand back up to respond to James's comments,

the hispanian was already up on the platform, and was already working on the magic circle. Within moments, at a much faster rate than Robert and Zelda, James had completed his magic circle.

Hanging in the air in front of James was a magic circle made out of an orange magical fire that even those who were the furthest away from it could tell was hot. Once the circle was completed James did not even stop to see if the magic circle was without fault, instead jumping directly into the ritual wand movements.

Once those were complete, something entirely different to what had happened in all the previous summoning rituals happened.

From a spot directly in front of James, a small flame appeared. It was a very small flame, not even constituting enough to be called an ember, but almost instantly it began to grow. The flame spread until it took up at least half of the platform, and then it sprouted into a massive pillar of flame that blinded everyone in the area and stole all of the air from their lungs.

Once this obviously magical fire began to die down and return the air to the surrounding area, allowing everyone to breathe. When everyone had regained a semblance of awareness of their surroundings, everyone turned to look at what had happened on the platform. And what awaited them was something that no one expected.

Lying on the platform in front of James was a small red lizard like creature that seemed to be around the size of a small house cat. It was covered all over in ruby red scales, save for its stomach which were pale white. Its claws were the size of a house cats and it had a tail that was about the size of itself, tipped with a burning flame.

The lizard like creature was lying curled up in a ball on the platform, its eyes closed in an attempt to sleep, and it's only response to being summoned was opening one to locate the person who summoned it. After looking at them for a few moments, the lizard sighed out a small spark of fire before closing its eyes again.

After that display, everyone else in the crowd instantly began talking, and there were two clear camps about the results of the summoning.

"_That bloody Hispanian! How in the world did he manage to summon a fire lizard!? Aren't those things only found in very far flung places?"_

"_Oh my! A fire lizard! Well with such wondrous creature such as a dragon or a fairy being summoned, we shouldn't expect anything less from lord Arcena."_

"_And it looks so cute as well! It just looks like it was made to be pet doesn't it?"_

Louis was half disgusted by some of the whispers that were going on behind him, but the other half of him could not help but be impressed at what had just happened.

_He used magical fire instead of just pure energy as a way to summon

a familiar with the same element. Magicians at the Imperial academy have said that they have experimented with this method, but there has been no true publication of it. He must have been insanely brave to try and use that here considering that it was-â€|!?!_

James, as if guided by some unseen force, turned to look over at Louis, and in that moment put on a smug grin that made Louis forget everything good he had been about to think about him.

James almost uncaringly grabbed his fire lizard around the neck and lifted it up to kiss on the forehead. As the runes began to appear on the lizards head, the lizard opened one of its eyes and glared at him before breathing out another small spark of flame before closing its eyes once again.

James placed the lizard on his shoulder in what could have been a comfortable position before gesturing towards the platform for one person in particular. Louis was quick to pick up what the Hispanian was saying, and scowled at them as he stepped up onto the platform.

The moment that Louis had stepped up on the platform, every student looked up at him and began to whisper to each other, their anticipation clear in their voice.

"_Soâ€| which do you think will happen? An explosion or nothing?"_

"_It's definitely going to be an explosion. Everytime he has ever used magic the only result has been explosions."_

"_Well let's hope that this doesn't take forever. I would want to do my summoning today."_

Louis sighed before planning out the magic circle in his mind while digging through his pockets and pulling out the object that he would use to build it. Once this object was out in the open for everyone to see, there was a general sigh of annoyance from everyone who was watching.

Undaunted by the glares he was now receiving with renewed force, Louis began to draw up the ritual circle on the platform with the chalk he had produced from his pocket. It took him a few moments to complete the ritual circle in the white substance, which anyone could see he accomplish by leaving out both the calming and restraint sub circles.

Colbert looked down at the 'completed' ritual circle with a worried expression on his face, and walked up to Louis's side.

"Young Valliereâ€| Are you quite certain that you haven't to put the calming and restraint circles into you spell? They areâ€| They are quite important pieces to the ritual."

Louis smiled but chose not to look up at Colbert as he put the finishing touches on his magic circle.

"It's fine Master Colbert. I believe that those two spells are completely useless to me in my own summoning ritual. When I do manage to summon something, I will be certain to bind it to me as fast as

possible."

Colbert, unable to come up with anything to say in response to his eloquent student, and simply nervously nodded at Louis and returned to silently observe. The students who were waiting to summon their familiars did not share their teacher's patience.

"_That cocky bastard! Why in the world is he acting like he is going to summon a familiar when he can't even draw the magic circle properly!?"_

"_Hey, at least he is not taking so long to fail. If we just let him continue then we are sure to be done quickly."_

Louis again ignored the whispering that was going on in the crowd behind him and focused entirely on the task that lay in front of him. The magic circle had been completed and had no flaws that hadn't been put in by him, so all that was left to do was to perform the second part of the ritual.

Tensing up a bit, Louis pulled out his wand and pointed it at the circle and took a deep breath before continuing on to another of his own changes to the summoning ritual.

"Oh my Great and Divine familiar, which exists somewhere in the vastness of the world! I call out to you and summon you in my name, the name of Louis of the house of Valliere! I plead to you, come forth so that we might stand side by side as Master and Familiar! I swear to bind my life to yours just as you will bind yours to mine, so once again, I bid you to come forth, my Familiar!"

Once Louis had finished shouting out this verbal prayer, he opened the flood gates on his magical power and poured it into the magic circle. The white chalk circle soon began to glow pink as Louis's energy entered it, growing brighter and brighter until the circle was glowing as intensely as all the magic circles before his.

Louis held his breath as he felt the spell drain the last bit of energy it needed to function. The magic circle began to glow intensely pink for a few seconds. And shortly after those few secondsâ€¦

"â€¦ _Well it looks like it was 'nothing' that was the winner."_

Louis felt a deep stab of despair in his stomach as soon as he heard a student whisper this. Beneath him the magic circle was slowly dimming back to its white chalk form, not disappearing with a flash of light and a pop like previous magic circles.

Louis could not even bring himself to look away from the magic circle his despair was so deep, while behind him the students were talking amongst themselves in annoyed tones.

"Manâ€¦ Now that we've seen it, I'm more annoyed that we allowed this to happen. We wasted time with that display."

"Yeah, it was quite boring compared to Zero's other failures."

"I know right?! And here I was looking forward to the-â€¦!?"

At that moment, as if driven by divine providence, there was an explosion on the ritual platform which scattered up a huge cloud of dust, obscuring the vision of the entire area around the ritual platform.

* * *

><p>Should I have mention that this a bit of a crossover and a bit of an AU?_

End
file.